2899 L.394

The Pioneer Organ of Anarchism

August, 1906
Price, Ten Cents

2900 L.394

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

LIBERTY

Published Bimonthly

Twelve Issues, $1.00; Single Copies, 10 Cents

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Office of Publication:

925 FOURTH AVENUE, ROOM 13, NEW YORK

Post Office Address:

LIBERTY, POST OFFICE BOX 1312, NEW YORK

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the excisemen, the erasing knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty prides beneath her feet."— PROUDHON.

LIBERTY

Vol. XV—No. 4 AUGUST, 1906 Whole No. 394

ON PICKET DUTY

I find the impression prevalent among my readers that the story, "Carlotta Cortina," which appeared in the June number of Liberty, was written originally in a foreign language, and that I translated it, adapting it to New York. While I feel honored by the compliment, it gives me pleasure to correct the erroneous impression. The story was written originally in English and for Liberty, and, from an artistic point of view, even if no other be considered, easily takes rank among the best short stories ever written in America. I have reprinted it in pamphlet form, and am now ready to supply it at ten cents a copy.

The printing establishment which has been doing my work has suspended, forcing me to seek a new printer. This has embarrassed me considerably, causing an annoying delay in the appearance of my catalogue and of this issue of Liberty. However, the long-promised catalogue is ready at last. It consists of 128 pages, representing more than 400 authors and listing nearly 1,100 titles, besides being enriched by about 600 pithy and epigrammatic quotations, of an Anarchistic and Egoistic character, from some of the works catalogued. This last feature makes it especially worth preserving and circulating. But it will be valued also as a tolerably full bibliography of the line of literature which it represents. At present no charge is made for it, but probably I shall put a price of ten cents a copy on it later, though the first section, listing my own publications, will always be printed separately for free circulation. The issuance of this catalogue has been a very costly and laborious undertaking, and I hope the friends of Liberty will do all in their power to make it a useful and a fruitful one.

Some of the more optimistic among us have cherished an illusion that the terrible blow which the *raison d'Etat* received in the rehabilitation of Dreyfus would prove its *coup de grâce*. Poor victims of hope! They forget that a spook is the hardest of all things to kill; and here this particular spook is already to the fore again. Conjured up this time not by wicked France, but by virtuous England through the agency of Sir Edward Grey, after whose awe-inspiring "Hush!" hardly a member of the English commons dared so much as whisper of the outrages lately perpetrated by the British army and the British courts in Egypt. But, like France, Egypt has its Zola. The account of the Denchawai affair given by the Egyptian Nationalist leader, Moustapha Kamel Pasha, published for the first time in America in this issue of Liberty, carries as certain conviction as did "*J'accuse*" that the *raison d'Etat* is simply a pretext raised by criminals to conceal their crimes and shield them from punishment. Every fresh instance of this hypocrisy is a new warning to men and nations to beware

of the *raison d'Etat*. As a French writer, J. Paul-Boncour, well says:

> Every day some legitimate interest is sacrificed, some individual right is injured, some liberty is violated, in the name of this *raison d'Etat*, which dons all costumes from the judge's gown to the politician's Prince Albert. Professional spirit, party spirit, administrative servility, are but so many equivalents of "the honor of the army." If they do not keep their victims on Devil's Island, at least they prevent them from obtaining justice. Bloody or commonplace, dramatic or paltry, it is always a violation of the right of the individual. The superior interest of the State is the pretext, absolutism is the means; and, as the State is an abstract being, all this false majesty reduces itself at last to the selfish interests of individuals or groups, who are bidden by the duties of their charge or the hazard of political circumstances to speak in its name.

Moustapha Kamel Pasha makes it clear that there is to be no fanatical uprising in Egypt. If any revolt comes, it will be political, following on the heels of British oppression. I wonder if present events are the beginning of the fulfilment of Wilfred Seawen Blunt's prophecy. His wonderful poem, "The Wind and the Whirlwind," is timely reading now. And, in any case, what are we to think of the press of America, that historian which "S. R." tears to pieces in these pages? The important document which Liberty now prints was current in Europe early in July, but, so far as I know, no word of it has appeared in America, and the only reference to it that I have seen appeared as late as July 28 in a sympathetic editorial paragraph in the New York "Evening Post." One knows not whether to attribute this negligence to stupidity or malice. On either theory it is a crying shame that it should be left to the bimonthly Liberty to supply the glaring deficiencies of the daily journals, as instanced in the present case and in that of the Korolenko letter.

During the late Dreyfus proceedings before the French high court it was brought out that in 1894, before the first trial of Dreyfus, an artillery captain by the name of Grattau, since promoted to the rank of major, asked General Mercier, then minister of war, to make him a member of the court-martial. In his application he said: "If my spontaneous initiative shall seem to you incorrect, and if my request calls for an excuse, I would beg you to seek my justification only in an unalterable patriotic faith and in my ardent desire to see the traitor 'Iscariot Dreyfus' punished in an exceptional fashion." What an admirable attitude for a would-be judge! And how well the rascal knew his Mercier, to dare to reveal to him thus frankly his inmost infamous thought! It is stated that Captain Grattau, convinced by Henry's suicide of the innocence of Dreyfus, worked thereafter for the latter's rehabilitation. It matters not. The letter to Mercier never emanated from other than an ignoble soul.

Now that the remains of Zola are reasonably sure to be transferred to the Panthéon, it is interesting to recall his words before the court that tried him in 1898:

> Dreyfus is innocent, I swear it! I stake my life upon it, I stake my honor upon it. At this solemn hour, before this court representing human justice, before you, gentlemen of the jury, the very incarnation of the country, before all France, before the entire world, I swear that Dreyfus is innocent! For me I have but the idea, an ideal of truth and justice. And I am per-

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feetly at ease; I shall conquer. I have been unwilling that my country should remain in falsehood and in injustice. Here I may be struck. But some day France will thank me for having helped to save her honor.

The New York "Times," by the way, tries to make a distinction between the honor to Zola in the placing of his dust in the Panthéon and the discredit to Zola in the refusal of the French Academy to admit him to membership. The former, it seems, is purely a tribute to his moral character, while the latter was based on his lack of literary ability. The distinction is absolutely without foundation. Some good critics have always placed Zola, as a literary artist, on a level with the best in the French Academy, while no critic of repute anywhere would deny that there are dozens of the "Immortals" unquestionably inferior to him as writers. The French Academy rejected him, not because of insufficient literary capacity, but because he was a "purveyor of filth," a wicked, vulgar, objectionable person, altogether unfit for even mortals, much less "Immortals," to associate with. And now his dust is to go to the Panthéon, where the dust of perhaps two "Immortals" in a century will be judged fit to associate with his. It is a rebuke that falls nowhere more directly than upon the French Academy, and it strikes with but little less force those American newspapers and critics who always reviled Zola, prior to the Dreyfus affair. When time shall have placed Zola's memory in the true perspective, it will be recognized that the noblest, bravest, most useful, and most artistic thing that Zola ever did was his writing of the history of the Rougon-Macquart family, and that the man who could and did

do that could not fail to do, incidentally and as a matter of course, should occasion arise, what Zola did for Dreyfus. The greater includes the less.

An article by Mr. Sankaran Nair in the "Contemporary Review" is attracting wide attention from the Indian press. "Many a Hindu," he writes, "has from habit or conviction ceased to regard Hinduism with reverence as a creed. But Hinduism connotes a status as well as a creed, and the Hindu who has ceased to believe in the latter does not in most cases care to exchange his status for that of a Christian or a Mohammedan. Thousands of Hindus are in this condition, and they look to government in vain to assist them in asserting their status without being required to assert their belief in dead and antiquated rites." He continues: "Thus they may have no belief in the marriage rites; but, if they will not go through the various matrimonial observances inculcated by the pundits, they run the risk of their children being reckoned as bastards. The various restrictions as to class, creed, and caste may appear to them to be unreasonable; the *mantras* may sound absurd to their educated ears; but they are compelled by a foreign government either to conform to these shibboleths and lead a life of hypocrisy or to undergo worse evils. If Hindus, they must be orthodox Hindus, according to the pundits and the courts; but, if they insist on freedom of conscience, they do so at their serious risk. Many people have thus to conform to a mode of life repugnant to them because they dare not face the alternative of suffering legal consequences that would ruin them as men.

Social progress, either by getting rid of the unnatural excrescences on what is believed to have been a purer system, or by acceptance of what a person believes to be the only fundamental doctrines after discarding the non-essentials, or in any other form, is now impossible." Mr. Nair thinks that what is needed is a "Native Council," with powers sufficient to frame the necessary social legislation. It appears, then, that the British power is Christianizing the Hindus by imposing legal disabilities and hardships on those who try to relax the bonds of their ancient religion. This reminds one of one of the missionaries' earliest complaints against the government of Natal,—that it had given to the heathen marriage custom more distinctly the character of a sale of the girl, and had made the consequences of the payment of the purchase price more conclusive than they had been under heathen administration. There is much to be said in favor of letting people manage their own business. Those who undertake to manage other people's business for them, without being commissioned by these other people, run the risk of making themselves perfectly ridiculous by the unexpected feats they perform in trying to regulate what they do not understand.

Tolstoi has just finished a new novel entitled "The Divine-Human." The heroes are Russian revolutionists of the decade 1880-1890, belonging to the Social Democratic and agrarian revolutionary parties as well as to the various religious sects so numerous in Russia. The new work presents a series of portraits of men who have become famous in Russia during

these years of struggle. The novel will appear in "Posrednik,"—with two other works of Tolstoi,—an article on Lamennais and a study of the literary movements of the early days of Christianity, entitled "The Doctrine of the Apostles."

The comments of the press and the politicians on Roosevelt's "swollen fortunes" speech are, as a rule, amusingly absurd. Some are horrified at the idea that the speaker proposed taxation, not for revenue, but as a means of limiting individual ownership of wealth. Such taxation, they say, is confiscation. To these good people names are more important than things. Their objection is not to the taking of property, but to the alleged purpose of the taker. Moreover, they seem to prefer the actual taking of property by the State, so long as revenue is the pretext, to the mere threat to take in a certain contingency. Teddy's proposed tax is contingent; the inheritance tax advocated by the New York "World" instead is absolute. Among those who defend the speech the confusion is even greater. A Chicago paper says that Roosevelt did not attack property rights, but championed the rights of the many against the alleged rights of the few? Why are not the few equally entitled to protection, assuming that their property is really and rightfully theirs? If the distinction be between honestly acquired wealth and dishonestly acquired wealth, what does the amount matter? The billionaire is entitled to his "pile" quite as much as the poor man to his pennies. If that be not the distinction, where is the limit of safety in individual accumulations to be put?

Where do the "many" separate themselves from the "few"? Some commentators, again, tell us that the question is between national wealth and individual wealth, and that the latter should be controlled in the interest of the former. This, of course, leads to State Socialism. Only a few are intelligent enough to say that huge accumulations are made possible by monopoly and injustice, and that the only proper way to "attack" them is to remove their cause. But what is there for "statesmen" in such remedies? Their occupation would be gone.

The New York "Times" finds in the schoolmaster a remedy for the "rage against plutocracy." By the schoolmaster it means his teachings as given in the common schools. Has it ever occurred to the "Times" to compare, from an educational standpoint, that revolutionary minority of the working-people which is organizing against plutocracy with the inert mass of the working-people which votes the party tickets at the polls? I can assure it that the former class will show, in proportion to its numbers, at least ten times as many individuals who can successfully pass an examination for admission to a high school or a university as can be found in the latter class.

The attempt on the life of poor little Alfonso of Spain has revived the discussion of the measures which the "civilized nations" might take against the Anarchists. Limited intelligence has one set of suggestions, unlimited stupidity another, and sickly, weak-minded liberalism a third. Some would "exterminate" all

Anarchists; one law-abiding soul would legalize the throwing of bombs into Anarchist gatherings; Labouchere opines that the identical reasons which justify police interference and vigilance generally would warrant the arrest and imprisonment of every man known as an Anarchist. (Labouchere is a "radical" in politics!) The proposal to treat Anarchists as lunatics has, of course, made its biennial appearance. But the most popular plan, the plan which has impressed many of our wise editors, is that of segregation. Find some island in the Atlantic or Pacific and deport all Anarchists thereto, runs the brilliant suggestion; on that island let them practise their doctrines in freedom, but escape from it should be made a criminal offence.

All these suggestions are made in the name of "law and order," if not of liberty and progress. The advocates of the island-home plan are very proud of their humanity and enlightened philosophy. "See!" one almost hears them exclaiming; "we would spare your life, and even respect your right to talk and act—but on some uninhabited island." A noble attitude, in truth. But the Anarchists have work to do where they are, and are too solicitous about the mental and spiritual development of their benevolent and malevolent neighbors and fellow-citizens to leave them to their fate. No, we can't think of parting with you, good sirs. You need us, and for your sake we forego all the comforts of the island home. Seriously, however, deportation to an island would be a mild punishment for bomb-throwing, and that is not the idea of the "liberal" contributors to the amusing symposium.

It is the pacific, the "philosophical" Anarchists whom they would deport—for what? For the exercise of the constitutional right of free speech? Then what the island plan amounts to is the abolition of the freedom of speech. How progressive! Even Russia allows the propaganda of pacific Anarchism.

A sensible Englishman writes to the New York "Sun" as follows with reference to the demand for special laws against Anarchists:

> Permit me, as an Englishman, to point out to you that England treats her Anarchists just as she treats all other people. If an Anarchist commits an offence against the law in England, I have never heard that he was specially favored; but it is true that, so long as he does not, he gets the same full freedom of speech and immunity from police interference that everybody else enjoys: and so far England, almost alone among the nations in this respect, has passed no special laws against Anarchists. To these special laws and to careful police surveillance most of your correspondents seem to look for safety, and you yourself seem not unfavorable to them. But, if these special laws and that exceptional police treatment are of any use, we should find the continental European nations free from Anarchist troubles and England suffering badly—whereas the facts are just the contrary. England, where an Anarchist or any other "ist" can go to any street corner where he does not obstruct traffic, unfurl his red flag and without any police notification, without any one's permission, blow off steam with all the power his lungs can supply, has never yet had one single Anarchist outrage committed within her borders. Is it not possible that every country has just the Anarchists it deserves? Why should England, which has no trouble, modify those "Anglo-Saxon" principles Mr. Stuart-Linton speaks of? Would it not be more reasonable to expect that the continental Powers should adopt something like them? Full freedom of speech, tempered by the public right to laugh at balderdash, suits England well enough.

The "Sun" did not meet these observations. This discretion does its intelligence much credit.

Mr. F. S. Retan, Vermont manager for the Equitable Life Assurance Society, says that, instead of premiums being reduced as a result of the recent investigation, he is of the impression that closer supervision by the government, and consequent increased taxation of insurance companies, will result in increasing rather than decreasing premiums. Now, this is interesting. Bear in mind that in last year's scandals it was not charged that policies became insecure; the charge was that money was wasted—substantially embezzled—so that the policy-holder got too little for his money; or, in other words, the premiums were too high for the returns. The only harm that all the "graft" was doing to the suffering policy-holder was that he had to pay too high a premium in order to get a given return. Now, it seems, the thievery is to be put a stop to by a process which will increase premiums. The amount of robbery was limited, and governmental protection is to cost the policy-holder more than he used to be robbed of. I would rather be robbed in the old-fashioned way.

Russia cannot be said to have extorted from her stupid government real freedom of the press. Suppressions and suspensions of newspapers occur almost daily. Yet the press, during the life of the duma, was much freer than it ever had been, as may be inferred from several interesting facts. One of these is the publication of the "prohibited" works of Tolstoi, and another is the appearance of a translation of a German work, by P. Eltzbacher, on "The Essence of Anarchism." This book is advertised in the daily pa-

pers, and described as an exposition of the theories of "Godwin, Proudhon, Stirner, Bakounine, Kropotkine, Tucker, and Tolstoi." The true title of the book is simply "Anarchism." It exists also in French and Spanish. I am informed, too, that a Russian in New York, under contract with two Russian publishing houses, is engaged in translating portions of "Instead of a Book" into Russian.

Hugh O. Pentecost has gone over to the State Socialists, bag and baggage. It is his latest effort to float on the rising tide. But I shall not be surprised if, five or six years hence, he is again found preaching Anarchism every Sunday at Lyric Hall; and, if so, I am sure that I shall begin to receive once more my Monday visits from those silly and forgetful Anarchists who have been his admiring auditors for the last year or two. They will come in, singing the old song: "Say, Tucker, you really are too hard on Pentecost. You should have heard the splendid things he said yesterday. Fine fellow, that Pentecost!"

PRECISELY

FITZGERALD, GA., JULY 25—A terrific storm, accompanied by frequent lightning, struck this city at 12:45 Saturday. The First Baptist church steeple was struck by lightning, and set on fire.

Yes, the dear old ballot executes—admirable word—
"Executes the freeman's will
As lightnings do the will of God."

PROSAIC.

TO THE ENGLISH NATION AND THE CIVILIZED WORLD!

A painful affair happening suddenly in a village of the Delta,—Denchawai, in Egypt,—has just stirred the humanitarian sentiments of the entire world. Men of free mind and independent character have raised their voices in England to inquire if it is consistent with her prestige, with her honor, and her interest to allow the commission, in her name, of an unjust and cruel act.

All real lovers of humanity and justice are bound to examine and judge this affair which agitates a whole nation.

On the thirteenth of June last some English officers left their camp and passed near Denchawai, in the province of Menoufieh, to hunt pigeons on private property. An old peasant warned the interpreter who accompanied them that last year the inhabitants had been exasperated at seeing their pigeons killed by English officers, and that their irritation might be increased by a renewal of the sport.

Despite this warning, the hunt begins. Shots are fired; a woman is wounded and a farm-house burned. The fellahs hasten to the scene from all directions; a fray ensues, in which three Egyptians are wounded by the English and three English officers are wounded by the Egyptians. One of the wounded, Captain Bull, escapes from the mix-up, travels three miles at full speed in a temperature of 108°, and dies of sunstroke. The English soldiers, learning what has happened to their officers, invade a village near Denchawai, and

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kill a fellah by breaking his skull.

Those are the facts. Hardly had they become known when the English officials lost their heads, horrified at the thought that Egyptians should defend their property and their persons. Instead of considering the affair coolly, as a simple affray, they exaggerated it, and long before the trial the party organs of English occupation announced that the penalties to be inflicted and the example to be set would be terrible. The occasion called, not for justice, but for atrocious revenge!

A week before the trial the ministry of the interior, upon the order of Mr. Matchell, the English councillor, published an official note in which he brought crushing charges against the accused and openly sought to influence the judges and public opinion. An occupation organ pushed contempt for justice so far as to publish the news that the gallows had started for Denchawai. The people asked themselves in terror what sort of trial would follow such a demonstration.

Now, it was under these circumstances that the court met on June 24. And what a court! An exceptional court controlled by no code or law, with the power of imposing any imaginable sentence, a majority of the judges being Englishmen, and no chance of appeal or pardon being allowed! The decree which created this court in 1895—under pressure exercised by Lord Cromer, a pressure which never tolerates the least resistance on the part of the Egyptian government—this decree, I say, gives to him who reads it an impression that the English army—to which England has entrusted the mission of establishing order in Egypt—must itself be in perpetual danger to need such a court, or rather such an instrument of terror.

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This court spent three days in studying the affair. It clearly appeared that it was the English officers who provoked the fellahs by hunting on their property and wounding a woman, and that the fellahs attacked the English as *poachers* and not as British officers. English physicians, among others Doctor Nolin, the official physician of the courts, admitted before the tribunal that Captain Bull died of sunstroke, and that his wounds alone were not sufficient to cause death.

The court allowed only thirty minutes for the testimony of the defendants, numbering more than fifty. It refused to hear a policeman who declares that the English officers fired at the fellahs, and it based its verdict solely on the affirmations of the officers who provoked the fracas.

On June 27 the verdict was rendered. Four Egyptians were sentenced to be hanged, two to hard labor for life, one to hard labor for fifteen years, six to hard labor for seven years, three to imprisonment for one year and public flogging, and five to flogging without imprisonment, the flogging in each case to consist of fifty lashes applied with a five-thonged whip.

The court ordered that the execution should take place the following day. So that only a fortnight elapsed between the offence and the punishment!

At four o'clock in the morning the four men sentenced to death and the eight men sentenced to be flogged were taken from Chibin, capital of the province of Menoufieh, to the village of Chouhada, two

miles from Denchawai. There, during nine hours, they awaited the terrible vengeance. At one o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, June 28, they were taken to Denchawai. The English governors had insisted that the execution should take place at the same hour of the day as the fracas and on the very spot.

The gallows and the pillories were set up in a roped-in circle of 2,300 yards. The condemned men were surrounded by English dragoons, and the latter were protected by Egyptian troopers. Mr. Matchell and the governor of the province directed the execution. The son of the first man condemned to death approached them, and asked permission to receive his father's last requests. This final prayer was met with a refusal!

At half past one the English soldiers mounted their horses and drew their swords; one minute later the hangings began.

One man was hanged; the members of his family, his relatives, and the entire population, massed at a distance, filled the air with their heart-rending cries. Two others were flogged in presence of the corpse.

Then the same scene was repeated three times. Four men were hanged and eight flogged. The horrible spectacle lasted an hour. A savage, revolting spectacle, if ever there was one, during which European spectators shed tears of pity and horror. And all went away repeating the words of one of the men hanged: *"A curse upon the tyrants! A curse upon the tyrants!"*

This day of June 28, 1906, will remain a fatal date

in history. It is worthy to figure in the annals of barbarian debaucheries.

The story of these executions filled the whole of Egypt with violent indignation. Fifty years of struggle by all the enemies of England could not have produced such a result. But this task was accomplished by the English agents themselves.

Egyptian poets have written verses on the executions of Denchawai which will perpetuate the memory of the scenes in which civilization and humanity were outraged in the most revolting fashion.

And I come to-day to ask the English nation itself and the civilized world if so absolute a breach of the principles of justice and the laws of humanity can be tolerated.

I ask the English, jealous of the renown and the prestige of their country, to tell us if they expect to increase the moral and material influence of England in Egypt by tyranny and barbarism.

I ask those who talk so loudly of humanity, and who fill the world with their indignation at scandals of other countries a thousand times less revolting than that of Denchawai, to prove their sincerity by protesting energetically against a monstrous act which is enough to ruin European civilization forever in the eyes of oriental peoples.

And finally I ask the English nation if it is worthy of it to allow its representatives to recur, after twenty-four years, to laws of exception and to more than barbarous processes in order to govern Egypt and teach Egyptians human dignity!

I admire sincerely, and with gratitude, the English

deputies and writers who have loudly expressed their horror at the sinister tragedy played in Egypt. But, seeing that they were having an influence on public opinion, which was beginning to condemn the policy of Lord Cromer, Sir Edward Grey has warned the house of commons to beware of Mussulman fanaticism in Egypt. He has appealed to the members not to meddle with Egyptian affairs, in order to avoid weakening the Egyptian government, or rather the omnipotent Lord Cromer, in presence of a danger which I emphatically declare to be chimerical.

The English officials in Egypt set up this danger simply as a warrant for the recent atrocity and for other atrocities to come.

Now, this danger does not exist, and it is the very purpose of such atrocities to create it.

In the name of all that is most sacred on earth, I affirm that there is no religious fanaticism in Egypt. Islamism is dominant there, being the religion of a large majority. But *Islamism does not mean fanaticism.*

Sir Edward Grey has been led into error. I beg him to reflect a moment on this. If there were really any fanatical sentiment in Egypt, would England have dared to judge fifty-two Mussulmans by an exceptional court composed of four Christians and only one Mussulman?

If there were fanaticism, would not the revolting executions at Denchawai have been sufficient to kindle its destructive and annihilating fire?

Would not all these provocations have exasperated the Egyptian people and caused an explosion of this

pretended fanaticism?

Why did not this fanatical sentiment, of which Sir Edward Grey speaks, give rise to affrays like that of Denchawai at the time of the Tabah affair, when the great majority of the Egyptians were in sympathy with Turkey, and when nevertheless the English soldiers were always able to go about anywhere in perfect safety?

The discussions of the Denchawai affair have proved superabundantly that Islamism had nothing to do with it, and that the English officers even found useful and spontaneous coöperation among the Mussulman fellahs.

The Egyptians are entitled to ask for a serious and thorough investigation of the matter. Egypt is within two days of Europe. Let the English who love justice and are solicitous for the honor of England come here. Let them visit the cities and the country districts. Let them see with their own eyes how Christians of all nationalities live with the fellahs and with all the Egyptians. Let them convince themselves that the Egyptian people are not fanatical, but are desirous of justice and equality, and are determined, at any cost, to be treated as a people and not as a herd.

Yes, the Egyptian nation is conscious of its dignity; that can no longer be denied. It asks that its children be treated on the same footing with foreigners,—truly not an excessive demand.

Sir Edward Grey talks of protecting Europeans against Egyptians; but let him show us the danger that threatens the Europeans living in Egypt. Do they not live on the best terms with the Egyptians?

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Have they not the articles of capitulation to protect them? But who protects the Egyptians? Do we not sometimes see foreign criminals—against whose acts all the European colonies protest—killing and wounding Egyptians and escaping the Egyptian courts? And what penalty will now be inflicted on the English soldiers who killed a fellah near Denchawai, and on the officers who wounded a woman and three men?

Lord Cromer, in his last report, defends himself against those who attack the absolute power which he exercises in Egypt by saying that his acts are controlled by the English parliament and public opinion as well as by the Egyptian press. An illusory supervision and control, for no sooner does parliament take up Egyptian matters and reprove acts of barbarism than Lord Cromer tells Sir Edward Grey that fanaticism is threatening on the banks of the Nile and that parliament must keep quiet. With this method nothing can prevent Lord Cromer from continuing to govern Egypt by the most iniquitous laws.

That is why the honor of the English nation requires a weighing of the official affirmations against our own; a serious investigation; an impartial examination of the problem now before it.

For years Lord Cromer has been declaring that it is the Egyptian princes and grandees who hate the English occupation, because it has stripped them of their power, but that the fellahs adore it, and bless the existing *régime*.

Now, if the fellahs of Denchawai attacked the English officers simply because of seeing one of their women wounded, the sentence and the execution seem

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hideous and should arouse the indignation of the world. If, on the contrary, the fellahs acted under the impulse of religious or national hatred, Lord Cromer must confess that they curse the occupation, and that the administration of his lordship culminates in the most pitiful abortion. And in that case Mr. Dillon is justified in his declaration that "the speech of Sir Edward Grey is the saddest commentary on the situation and the policy of England in Egypt."

All lovers of impartiality and truth living in Egypt recognize that the affair of Denchawai was not the fruit of an anti-European movement, and that the Egyptians are the most tolerant people in the world.

The national programme of those who have an influence on opinion in Egypt is very clear. We desire, by education and the light of progress, to elevate our people, to make them conscious of their rights and duties, and to make known to them the place they ought to occupy in the world. For more than a century we have understood that there is no possible existence for peoples that do not enter on the path of western civilization, and we were the first eastern people to extend the hand to Europe. We continue to march in the path that we have chosen.

It is by education, progress, tolerance, and a liberal spirit that we shall gain the esteem of the world and the liberty of Egypt.

Our object is the independence of our country. Nothing can make us forget it.

The sympathy that we have for other Mussulman peoples is perfectly legitimate and not at all fanatical.

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There is not a single enlightened Mussulman who can believe for a minute that the peoples of Islam can league together against Europe. Those who talk of such a spirit are either ignorant or desirous of designedly creating a gulf between the European world and the Mussulmans.

It is only by an Islamic renaissance taking its impulse from science and liberality of spirit that the peoples of Islam can rise.

Egypt has a place apart in the Orient. She has given to the world the Suez canal and has opened the Soudan to civilization. She possesses an *élite* of superior minds, and the progress of the nation by the nation is proceeding with giant strides. She cannot be governed as if she were a far-off land hidden in the depths of Africa, out of touch with Europe. Are we not witnesses of the hot indignation of the English at what is going on in the Congo and elsewhere? How, then, can they permit the most atrocious crimes in Egypt?

All Europe must be interested in Egypt. It has considerable interests there, and many of her citizens have made great fortunes there.

Exceptional laws and tyranny can only irritate the Egyptian people, and suggest to them feelings diametrically opposite to those which they now profess.

We demand justice, equality, and liberty. We want a constitution that shall deliver us from absolute power. The civilized world and the true friends of liberty and justice in England cannot fail to be with us in demanding that Egypt, which has given to the world the finest and highest civilization, shall not be a field of barbarism, but a country where civilization and justice may become as fertile as her blessed soil.

MOUSTAFA KAMEL PASHA.

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FOUR POINTS OF ANARCHISM

By the kindness of M. Henri Zisly, the Paris "naturien," I have received a copy of "A Vida," an Anarchist-Communist paper of Oporto, for March 4. In it I find a translation of my "What is Anarchism?" with four brief comments by the editor. I do not suppose that my reply in Liberty will be read by many of those who saw "A Vida" in March; nevertheless, since the comments there printed summarize very usefully the main objections that Anarchist-Communists everywhere are disposed to make to the views I had set forth, it will be no waste of time to make these Portuguese criticisms the text of a little discussion here.

In the first place, then, where I had written "Thus the triumph of Anarchism would not prevent the continuance of police and jails, and such continuance is to be expected," the foot-note answers:

> Certainly in a *free* society nobody could debar any one from the right to undertake the police business or to erect a jail; only, in our way of looking at it, no one would do so because there would be no need of it. This assertion of the author seems to us (with due respect for another's opinion, even puerile. We do not count on the survival of police and jails in an Anarchist society, simply because police and jails are a component part of the State which Anarchy will abolish; they are a phenomenon characteristic of the coercion which certain classes exercise against others, of the yoke laid by man upon man—a coercion, a yoke, incompatible with the purified atmosphere of an Anarchist society.

If this is right, then my statement was even more puerile than "A Vida" makes it; for my Portuguese translator makes me say that we must count on the "possible" survival of such things. (I should explain that the translation of my leaflet is obviously made from the French version published in "L'Ere Nouvelle." In translating from a translation it is inevitable that there should be some errors which might have been avoided if the translation had been made direct from the orginal. Thus "A Vida," though I am on the whole well pleased with its translation, now and then makes me say what I had not thought of saying; and in particular I notice a tendency to modify expressions of indefinite quantity: such conceptions as "some," "many," "most," or "sometimes," "often," "usually," are interchanged. Aside from this, the Portuguese translator seems to have rendered his French copy very faithfully—more faithfully than the French rendered my English.) I meant to say that the continuance of such things as police, courts, and jails was to be expected, not merely as "possible," but as a thing presumptively certain. But, on the other hand, I did not say, as my critic silently assumes, that I should expect a *permanent* continuance of these institutions. What I did mean is this. When we become able to set up an Anarchic society, we shall do so without waiting for all our neighbors to agree with us. If we did wait, we might wait forever, for there are many people who will never believe in anything till after they have seen it tried and working. We shall establish Anarchy while about half the people are still partisans of the old order of things. Now, these people who

have always had police, etc., will certainly at first, until they get used to the new system, want to have what they have been used to: and they will provide themselves with police and jails, unless we coerce them into refraining. But, as Editor Teixeira of "A Vida" agrees with me, if we did so coerce them we should ourselves be guilty of government. Hence, if it is genuine Anarchy that we establish, those who desire a police will be free to furnish it for themselves; and, I repeat, those who have grown up in the old order of things will very many of them want what they have been accustomed to regard as necessary to the security of life. This is what makes me feel sure of the survival of the police, apart from all question whether we can expect this survival to be either desirable or permanent. I set aside these two other questions, because I see no use in discussing them when we are talking about another point which we find that they cannot affect. After Anarchy has once begun, the experience of freedom will rapidly modify men's ways of feeling and acting. What the modifications will be, neither I nor any other man can predict in detail with any assurance: the only thing that we can say with almost absolute certainty is that they will be for the better. If "A Vida" thinks that experience of freedom will make men give up trying to maintain a police for even purely defensive purposes, I am not disposed to contradict; I only say that for my own part I regard all such things as uncertain. The only thing in Anarchy that we can plan is the beginning of it. We know what sort of men we shall have to begin it with, and what ideas will be in their heads, and how they will be likely to act under given

circumstances, because we see them all around us. What men will act like after a century of freedom we do not know. Whether I myself would support a police agency in the beginning of Anarchic society I do not know; it would depend on the circumstances under which the Anarchic society began. I shall endeavor not to be fool enough to make up my mind what I would do till I know what those circumstances are to be.

Next, where I have said:

> Here is the chief split among those who call themselves Anarchists, one party holding that property in the material products of labor is a corollary of personal liberty and should be defended as such, while the other holds that all property is an absurd institution, whose defence is an outrage on personal liberty. Logically, each party holds that the others are not true Anarchists.

I am answered thus:

> Logically, it appears to us that defending individual property under the pretext of personal liberty is not in any way compatible with the doctrine of Anarchism. We hold, in the first place, that, by applying this criterion to all other *bourgeois* institutions, we should come to the logical necessity of defending them all; secondly, if it is a fact that property was instituted by the robbery and violence of conquests, and is defended and consolidated by the existing State (an evolution from primitive violence and robbery), it is a fundamental self-contradiction to seek the abolition of the State and the maintenance of the organisms created and defended by the State.

Logically, I cannot see why the defence of one institution of a certain group need imply the defence of the rest. If I approve of having letters daily collected and carried from city to city, and think that, after we have got rid of the government, this letter-carrying business will still have to be done by somebody, does it

follow that I also approve the custom-house? Yet the two are at present wofully entangled with each other. If Abel lets his flocks pasture on Cain's growing crops, it is obvious that Cain's liberty to cultivate crops is seriously interfered with; in other words, Cain as an agriculturist cannot have liberty of industry, unless he has property in his crop at least to the extent of forbidding pasturage there. The same argument, repeated under the successive circumstances of harvesting, grinding, etc., leads us to infer Cain's absolute property in the crops, or at least a property more nearly absolute than governments now permit. (I am not defending the method by which Cain finally squared the account, but I think that, like some conspicuous assassinations in modern times, it was not so surprising as it was lamentable. I do not think Abel was blameless in the matter.) If "A Vida" thinks that an equally plain argument will show that personal liberty requires the custom-house, or the censorship of the press, or compulsory military service, let "A Vida" present this parallel argument; for I, on my part, fail to see it.

Neither do I know it to be a fact that property began with violent conquest. It seems to me that to speak of the first conquest as "robbery" implies that the conquered had, antecedently to the conquest, a right to the things that the conquerors took from them. The statement that all property began with conquest seems to me to imply that property in land began earlier than property in the products of labor: for I do not see the occasion for a war to plunder the products of labor previous to the recognition of any property in

them, when, by hypothesis, primitive communism would permit the new-comers to share their enjoyment without exposing themselves to the risks of a fight. If we suppose that the new-comers tried to take advantage of communistic custom beyond what was recognized as reasonable, and that the fight resulted from their trying to carry off an amount that did not leave a reasonable allowance for the producers in whose hands it had lain, then we must infer that the first violence was used by the producers in maintaining their claim to retain it,—in other words, that the claim of property was first made by the producers claiming their own product. Indeed, it seems to me hardly supposable that men can ever have known the idea of property, and desired to claim property in any produced thing, without first of all desiring to claim property in the products of their own labor. I conclude, then, that "A Vida" must agree with Professor Molinari that the first wars were wars for the possession of hunting-grounds. But, even if we admit this, it does not prove them to be the origin of property. Among dogs the institution of property in bones, etc., exists, as I suppose, all over the earth; I suppose we have sufficient reason to believe that wild dogs did and do claim property in bones, etc., just as our tame dogs do. But it is only in a few special places, as in Constantinople, that we find among dogs the institution of property in land. (When a dog learns and adopts the *human* institution of property in land, and defends his master's grounds, this is obviously not the same as a development of this institution by and for the dogs themselves.) It is obvious that among wild dogs living by

the chase the institution of property in land would be ruinously absurd, while among dogs living as scavengers in a city, where the things they eat cannot run away, this institution may be very convenient. Among dogs, then, property in the products of labor appeared earlier than property in land; the social condition of dogs is surely in general more primitive than anything we are able to observe among men, and gives us strong reason to believe that the earliest property among men was the producer's property in his product.

I do not feel, however, that the origin of property can prove anything as to its present admissibility. If I believed that it originated from plunder, I should see in this a strong reason for suspecting it to be bad, but I should still think that for proof we must consider the facts of the present day; it might be that a bad beginning had given rise to a useful result. Among the facts of the present day the only reason "A Vida" offers against property is that the State undertakes to protect it. But so does the State undertake to protect my life against murder: I do not therefore think that, because I am an Anarchist, I must give up the claim to protect my own life. The State arrogates to itself various very useful functions, such as the carrying of letters and the collection of certain statistics; we do not assume that Anarchists must therefore be opposed to having this work done by anybody. On the contrary, I should say that the periodical counting of the population was an institution originated by criminal rulers for criminal purposes, and up to our day maintained by criminal rulers by criminal methods, which a free and intelligent civilized society would nevertheless

desire to continue by peaceable methods for the sake of its great public utility: the like might conceivably have been true of the institution of property.

Next come my words:

> Is law-breaking Anarchistic? There are two kinds of law-breakers,—Anarchists and tyrants. An Anarchist is one who is unwilling to be subject to the will of others, and is willing to allow others the same liberty. A tyrant is one who breaks laws himself at will, but wants others kept in subjection; for instance, Napoleon, Rockefeller, or any striking workman who tries to maintain his strike by violence against "scabs."

and the protest:

> There is a capital difference: the tyrant breaks the laws because sometimes they are made with an *appearance* of utility and kindness for the people, since legislation is in constant evolution and the tyrant always wants the laws crystallized in their primitive brutality; as to the strikers, the violence exercised against the *scabs* is in fact just, because it aims at the common welfare of the Proletariat eternally wrestling with capital.
>
> If a man saw himself forced to use violence to stop another from throwing himself over a precipice, would not his violence be just? Well, submission to the employing class, and hindrance to the comrades who are struggling for the welfare of all workingmen, are precipices from which un-self-conscious laborers (*scabs*, traitors) must be saved by force, if need be.

These tyrants in Portugal must be very wicked, since it is sufficient to excite their hostility if anything has even an *appearance* (italicized) of utility and kindness; and very stupid, if they do not see how to play their game any better than by keeping the laws stationary. I must inform Comrade Teixeira that the sort we have here in America are less wicked and more pernicious. They all want the well-being of the people as long as it can be had without taking anything out

of their profits, and some of them are even willing to spend money on it,—more money in some cases than they expect to get back. A great many of our worst laws are made and enforced by people trying to do the public good. The censorship of the press in America is the work of men who, as hardly any of us doubt, are aiming at the welfare of the people. Our protective tariff is kept up by men of whom many, even of the brainy leaders, sincerely believe that the interest of the workingmen requires it. (I shall never forget the day when I found out that William M. Evarts, with all his abilities as an advocate, honestly believed in protectionism in the same sense as a New York "Tribune" editorial!) On the other hand, instead of wanting the laws crystallized, they keep changing and juggling the laws for their profit. I admit that they are oftener against a change than for it, but they use the other method very effectively, too. Experience has taught us here that, if a violent measure aims at the welfare of the people, and is in the nature of a step of evolution, these two facts prove *absolutely nothing* as to its being really a good thing.

When a man is acting under an obvious momentary error, I may be justified in restraining him by force long enough to explain to him. If, when I have explained, he persists in his course, thinking that he knows better than I, it is my business to let him go. If I keep on holding him because I think I know his business better than he does, I shall be a pernicious meddler of the same sort as other criminal meddlers. They all think they know better than somebody else what is good for him. The only way there can be

liberty is for a man to be free to do himself harm if he wants to get so and will not listen to good advice. If we let a man who thinks he knows what is " for the public good " control people's action, there is an end of liberty right off. As to necessity, I observe at the head of " A Vida " the proverb: " Necessity knows no law." We have that proverb in English too. But we have another proverb: " Necessity, the tyrant's plea." This is another thing that we have learned from experience. When the very worst things are to be done, the excuse is always " necessity." We have made this a proverb as to tyranny, knowing how the liberties of the people have always been destroyed in the past; but it is also the excuse for all sorts of rascality. Comrade Teixeira, do not those scabs commonly plead necessity as the reason for being what they are and doing what they do? They plead it here in America, anyhow.

Lastly, when I write:

> The defenders of property hold that, where there is any tolerable amount of free speech, it is brutish, useless, and altogether condemnable for a small party to attack the established authority with bloodshed. The Anarchist-Communists grade all the way from this position to the advocacy of the most reckless violence,

I am answered with the words:

> This assertion is hardly true, in our judgment. At least, much exaggerated. These Anarchists merely regard as puerile and degrading the Christian doctrine which says that one who is buffeted on the left cheek should turn the right, or *vice versa*.

At this point I do not know enough Portuguese to be quite sure whether my translator understood me rightly. I suspect that I am being thought to say that

all Anarchist-Communists, or the generality of them, advocate " the most sanguinary violence." I only said that there are among Anarchist-Communists all classes, from the most peaceable to those for whose outrageous proposals no word of condemnation is too strong. I do not suppose " A Vida " will deny that there are some, whose right to call themselves Anarchist-Communists cannot be denied, who favor such measures of violence as to disgust most of their comrades. I expect readers to understand that in any movement the majority do not go to the utmost extreme. I have already been told by other critics that I ought to have acknowledged the existence of a few advocates of violence among the Anarchist defenders of property, and I have elsewhere admitted my oversight in this point. That the advocacy of violence is more general among Anarchist-Communists than among my own party, I did mean to say; and that incitation to what I and my friends regard as criminal is very common in the Anarchist-Communist press, I am willing to say at any time. Comrade Teixeira's words about scabs suffice to show how deep is the cleft between us on this point.

I do not know whether I may be permitted, outside of the advertising pages, to remind the public that I still have the leaflet for sale, and that I have known even Anarchist-Communists to think it worth while to buy a dollar's worth at a time for propaganda.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

We do not consult universal suffrage in order to ascertain its will, but to impose on it our own.—*Henry Maret.*

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

If my memory of constitutional history serves me correctly, the English house of commons substantially originated in the necessities of Simon de Montfort. He wanted the support of the people against the nobility, and so caused the sheriffs of the various counties to summon certain of the knights of the shire and town burgesses to a *parlement*, or, as the American Indians would call it, a "big talk," at Westminster.

The sheriffs were directed to select representative men, and these respective delegates were supposed to represent the whole people of their several districts; and thus was born the first representative house of legislature. And a very great step in advance it undoubtedly was. (This was about the year 1287.)

The government, before this, had rested in theory with the king, in practice with the king or his more powerful advisers and the nobility (the temporal lords or lay barons, and the spiritual lords or barons of the church.)

This house of lords was undoubtedly in its day a valuable check on the tendency toward autocracy or development of kingly despotism, which was, in fact, reached in practice under Henry VIII, and which was subdued, not by the house of lords, but by the house of commons in the beheading of Charles I.

But what I wish to notice here is that the house of lords never was and is not to-day a house of representatives. Every member is supposed to represent himself and his own interests, and every peer of England, temporal or spiritual, is entitled to his seat in this

house. In short, the house of lords is the whole peerage of England, church and laity.

Neither was the house of commons a representative body. The members were not delegates, but were chosen from above by the writ of the king, and were chosen from the knights and wealthy merchants. The real commons, the peasantry, had no representative whatever; not one. The house of commons was, in reality, a house of knights and of wealthy burgesses. So here as always property governed. It was property imposing laws on the servile masses. The king (the great overlord), the barons (the lesser overlords), the knights and burghers (the property-holding class of the commonalty),—these were the governors; the people were governed. By social and political evolution the land monopoly by the king and lords and the other monopolies created for privileged classes or individuals were broken into. Wealth became more general. Men began to feel their rights and to assert them. And to-day the house of commons is a body of delegates elected (in theory at least) by the people to make the laws for their government, especially as to taxation and personal rights. This period in social development was reached only by centuries of oppression; of submission by the masses (who always submit); of resistance by the inspired fanatic, the despised rebel; of beheadings and tortures and imprisonments of those leaders who always stand and suffer alone that posterity may enjoy liberty. This evolution of representative government was considered by contrast so happy an escape from tyranny that it was accepted as the final solution. It is so considered to-day, and not

only the unthinking masses, but the "statesmen" believe nothing more can be achieved. When a country has reached representative government and a written constitution, all men seem to believe that this is the final goal, the *ne plus ultra*, and there is no use to look further. If it be true, as a glance at the course of every natural law will convince us, that there is no goal anywhere, no cessation from change; that there is always progression or retrogression in all things,—then obviously representative government is not the end of human social development, and there are other stages beyond,—Socialism or Anarchism,—for toward more government or less government all change has ever tended and will forever tend. But, assuming that representative government is the very pinnacle of perfection for a free people, the question is: Is the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave also the home of representative government?

Representative government is one, I take it, which represents.

The senate may be dismissed at once, because it never was intended as a representative of the people directly, and it is to-day the representative of the privileged classes. This by the operation of a well-known rule that property and privileges will always govern. The reason is that it pays them to govern, and they can afford to pay to get hold of the government. Under our system the natural and easiest purchase of a law-making power was to buy the senate by buying the legislatures which made the senators. Not that every senatorial seat is corruptly purchased, though no great apologies are needed for so general a statement.

But in the political sense the senate is bought and owned by the property and privileged classes. We have evolved a house of commercial lords. Every child knows this. The common people of the United States are as dependent on the house of representatives as ever were the commons of England on the house of commons.

How far is it representative? Its members will recognize and bow to a popular uprising; so will kings. A machine is not valuable which requires a tempest to make it work. Day by day it no more truly represents the people than does the senate. It throws a sop to Cerberus in the shape of a court house, or post office, or river improvement, or some expenditure of public money for each locality. Each member gets his little local graft of some sort to which he may talk for re-election. If that be representing the people, then it may be said truly each member tries to get for his constituents all he can from the public crib, and all of politics comes down finally to this conjugation:

What can I get out of it?
What canst thou get out of it?
What can he, she, or it get out of it?
What can we get out of it?
What can you get out of it?
What can they get out of it?*

And to every question of liberty, of conscience, of

*But, friend Wood, if it were true that all politics does come down to this conjugation, would not things be ideal? If you and I and they get the utmost possible, what more can be expected? The trouble is that the conjugation stops with the second person plural. A congressman never (or hardly ever) asks: What can *they* get out of it?"—EDITOR.

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abstract right, either no answer is given, or, if it be weighed against profit, the answer is loudly for profit. Our house of representatives has passed a law which gives to the secretary of commerce and labor the absolute power of a Louis XIV or Charles I. or Nicholas III. Upon his mere writ, which cannot be questioned by any court, and against which the famous writ of *habeas corpus* is useless, any alien can be arrested and deported, without trial. In this way John Turner, a respectable Englishman who came to this country to organize trade unions, was deported as if he had been a mad dog. Chinamen are deported every day; and, if an enemy can get one of Mr. Garfield's men to declare any alien woman a prostitute, that ends the matter. She may not be a prostitute, but there is no appeal, and Garfield's writ is final. The whole miserable jumble of our colonial experiment, with all its injustice and inconsistencies, shows how skin deep is our love for liberty and justice. The immigrants we try to keep out are better citizens for freedom than we native-born. They have suffered, and they know.

But to get back to our unrepresentative house of representatives. The candidate is selected by an organized machine. He is selected because he is not strong enough to have any dangerous views, and will be subservient to the machine, which in its main spring is the same machine which moves the senate. He is elected by the vote of the people, or such of them as belong to his party and take interest enough in the matter to vote. When he arrives, does he find he has joined a deliberative body? Not at all. The house of commons is a house of debate. The French chamber of deputies is a house of debate. The German reichstag is a house of debate. So is every legislative assembly in Europe, and sometimes of very fiery debate. But the house of representatives of the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave is not a house of debate. It is a machine for cut-and-dried partisan political results.

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The man newly elected to represent a district of the Free and Brave may be bursting with ideas for the good of his country and the good of his district and the good of the world. But, no matter what he is bursting with, he is entitled to voice his ideas, to get the floor and express himself; so much he is entitled to in originating a bill. But, when a bill is once up for debate, the most commonplace dolt in the house should not be denied his right to be heard. Not only out of mouths of babes and sucklings is truth proclaimed, but sometimes out of the mouth of a congressman. And, anyway, the long, long struggle for the house of commons, which I have suggested, was for this freedom of debate, the real airing and ventilating of questions before the people by the people's agents.

This freedom of debate is the most dearly-prized privilege of those newly-created legislatures which have felt the evils of tyranny. The wisdom of debate is obvious; it not only educates the people, but sometimes educates the debaters themselves. Even a congressman may absorb an idea. But, if the newly-elected Solon fancies he has the floor because he has got the floor; if he fancies he will be recognized by the presiding officer, the speaker of the house, just because he is waving his fists under the speaker's nose,—he is mis-

taken. Even though there is no one else on the floor, the speaker will look through and over and beyond him, with unseeing eyes, unless he has first visited the speaker in his room and arranged the subject, the day, the hour, and the amount of time. If all this meets the speaker's approval, he will tell the representative of the people on what day and hour and for how many minutes he will hear him on that subject. If the subject is a disagreeable one to the speaker's party, the people's representative cannot be heard at all. Of course this arbitrary power is given to the speaker by the rules of the house,—which is to say, by the party in power. The majority of the house selects a man for its czar whom they can trust for party purposes,—and, if the czar rebelled against party, they could change the rules and rob him of power. But not only does this effectually gag the men of the minority, but it gags those independent thinkers of the ruling party who wish to criticise party policies. Thus, it being the Republican party policy to "stand pat" on the protective tariff robbery, not even a Republican will be seen or heard by the speaker on that subject. Is this a free country? Is this representative government?

The minority in turn are handed over to their "leader," and he arranges with the speaker which of "his men" the speaker shall recognize; so any recalcitrant member of the minority party is as hopelessly gagged as his brother of the ruling party. Two leaders voicing the supposed policies of two camps control all debate on all legislation, and the man who has an idea of his own and wishes to bring it before the country might as well stay at home as expect to be heard

in congress, unless the "czar" of his faction chooses to permit him. Even the senate deliberates and debates. It is from the senate the people get all their own education which comes from the debate of a measure.

If the house of representatives be too large,—which is nonsense, for time can be adjusted,—cut it down. A man can just as well "*represent*" a hundred thousand people as fifty thousand, or two hundred thousand as one hundred thousand. It's all a question of proportion. But the present method makes the house of representatives a hack machine, and makes it the most unrepresentative, unintellectual, and unstimulating legislative body in the world. The legislator is a mere graft agent for his own community.

I quote in conclusion the remarks of Mr. Shackleford in the house of representatives on March 16, 1906. He was squelched in his rebellion, when it was realized what he was saying. What American citizen can contemplate such tyranny by the bosses of a party and feel that he is "represented" in the halls of the national legislature?

"The gentleman was not recognized until he had first surrendered his constitutional rights as a representative of the people and crept into your private room, Mr. Speaker, there to supplicate you to extend to him your grace.

"No member can submit any matter to a vote of the house until he shall have first sought and found favor in your sight. The constitution contemplates that the speaker shall be the servant of the house. In defiance of the constitution you have made yourself its master. You have packed every committee so that no bill can be reported without your consent. Unless you are willing, no member can move to discharge a committee from the consideration of a bill and take it up in the house.

"You sit an enthroned despot, subjecting the reports and destinies of this great people to the dictates of your own unbridled

will.

"Who stands to-day between a progressive, enlightened people and the Statehood to which they are entitled? You, sir; only you! You crack your whip, and a majority of this house cowers at your feet. You turn your thumbs down, and the house deals a deathblow to prostrate, bleeding Oklahoma."

Here Shackleford said he had read in the morning papers that "Uncle Joe" had given it out flatfooted that he would not permit the house to concur in the senate amendment on the Statehood bill, and then proceeded:

"What a horrible announcement to be made in a free country."

The confusion in the house throughout Shackleford's remarks was such that very few members knew what he had said, when Tawney stopped him with an objection.

C. E. S. Wood.

THE "GREAT" NEWSPAPER AS HISTORIAN*

More than fifty years ago Carlyle said in effect that the old kings were dead, and that the editor was the modern king. The rule of this king is not hereditary, but it is in a sense absolute and in every sense irresponsible. His power is so great that criticism of his policies, of his sins of omission and commission, is almost idle. He has usurped every function that has in any way ministered to his vanity or pleasure or authority. He is judge, jury, executioner. He is legislator and interpreter of laws. He is critic and historian. He has displaced the lecturer, the book writer, and the preacher. The minister is glad if he gets a stickful in Monday's paper. Many preach with one eye on the night editor. This modern king makes and unmakes reputations. He makes and unmakes issues and platforms. He gives the average man all the opinions the latter has, or thinks he has, and all he charges is two

*Read before a Chicago club of importance.

cents or one cent for a liberal assortment of them. His tax is light and not compulsory, in which he realizes and at the same time mocks the ideal of Anarchism. If he were Carlyle's benevolent and enlightened despot, the problem of government would be solved. He tells us what to eat, what to drink, when to get vaccinated, how to vote, how to educate the children or treat the wife, when to strike, and when to go to law. He corrects prime ministers, lectures bishops on their theology, judges on law, and instructs experts in the elements of their professions.

There are despotisms that are tempered by assassination. Some kings have been overthrown by revolutions, and some have been placed in lunatic asylums. You cannot kill the modern king, the editor, and many of them anticipate any possible move in the other direction named by making their papers lunatic asylums and continuing to exercise their power, with more sublime impudence than before.

I am not concerned now with the political, scientific, theological, or literary performances of this modern king. They cry to heaven, to be sure, and perhaps, since the Literary Club is looking for trouble in the line of reform, as we gathered from the able and lofty inaugural of our new president, it might undertake the general reform of the newspapers. It is the historical side of the newspaper that claims my attention on this occasion.

First, there is the question of history as it is recorded—and sometimes made—by the paper from day to day. We necessarily depend on our paper, or papers, for our daily bread of news. It may be foolish to

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care to know what we call the news of the day. Nine-tenths of what we read in the paper can have no real interest or importance to us, and the wise reader is an expert skipper. But each of us is interested in some things, and as to these the daily historian is indispensable. It may be a great strike involving first principles, or a war, or a political campaign, or a church congress, or a murder trial, or the publications and musical events of the season. Of course what we want is an accurate record, the main facts set down without malice or license or arbitrary selection. It is notorious that we get nothing of the sort. The honest, patient recording of things that are actually said and done, and in the way in which they are said and done, is too dull and unprofitable an occupation for the modern editor-king. When there is no news to record, we know, he sends out his subjects to make news. This, however, is a small matter beside the treatment of news not made to order for the sake of screaming headlines and brisk sales.

It was an evil day when the newspaper publisher conceived it to be his business to influence or mold public opinion. There is, in truth, nothing in common between the recording function and the function of interpreting the facts or events recorded. Tell me exactly what happened at a given place, and I have the raw material for an opinion. If I am ignorant of the antecedents and surrounding circumstances of a recorded event,—say, the defeat of a French ministry or the formation of a new alliance,—I must ask someone to explain the event to me. It does not follow that the man who can supply the information as to the

event has the right view of it. I may go to the London "Times" for the facts, and to the London "News" for an interpretation of them. As a matter of economy and convenience it is well to have your comment served fresh and hot with the news; but what if the comment, in addition to being wrong and dishonest, falsifies the news and leads to a prejudiced, dishonest report of it even in the alleged news pages?

With some exceptions the modern editor sacrifices the news to the views he holds, or wishes you to hold. He starts out with what he calls a policy,—another name for a stock of prejudices, notions, and personal likes and dislikes. He has the class bias, the party bias, the personal interest bias, to name no other. He is not content to express his alleged opinions; he must torture the facts into correspondence with them. If he hates labor unions, he gives orders to represent every strike as a riot or insurrection. If he says editorially that there are fifty labor assaults a month, the news pages must show fifty assaults.

A recent writer called attention to the fact that as regards the labor-capital controversy there is no longer a neutral public. The disappearance of this neutral public, whose influence used to make for conciliation and compromise and common sense, is due to the attitude of the press and mainly in reporting. Just as in certain schools of diplomacy language is used to conceal thought, so with many papers the purpose of publication of the news is to prevent the actual news from becoming known.

We have Democratic news, Republican news, Populistic news, plutocratic news, and the greatest of these

is the last evil, for the world is rapidly falling under the dominion of plutocracy, and the press is simply one of its most effective weapons; but there is no such thing, with the average paper, as news pure and simple.

Now, if even we, who have witnessed the growth of these pernicious tendencies and the capture of the press by a vulgar, commercialized element, have no means of getting at the facts; if it be practically impossible even for us to know what is going on in our own city, in our own party, in our own line of business,—what will the poor historian of the future do? It is appalling to think of the judgments and conclusions, of the sociology and ethics and politics, that the future generations will try to build on the foundation of the reports contained in the yellow paper, the plutocratic paper, the class or factional paper, the blood-thirsty jingo paper, and so on.

There is nothing more valuable to the historian than honest partisanship. We may laugh at the man who does not know, politically speaking, that the war is over, or that we have expanded and taken the starch out of the Declaration of Independence, but he is with us. He is honest and has to be reckoned with. Of what use to the historian is the syndicated paper that has no opinions except for revenue, and that stands between him and honest, if mistaken, opinion?

What is to be done? When street-car companies carry things—not men—too far and exhaust our patience and strap-holding capacity, we municipalize them. We cannot municipalize or nationalize the press, since it is not a "natural monopoly." Any one who has made or stolen enough money can buy or

start a paper, adopt the awe-inspiring editorial "we," and proceed to advise, dictate in the fulness of ignorance, and lie without shame and without much fear about all men and all affairs of men. Socialism might remedy this, but we are not all Socialists yet, and a few of us hope to remain individualists, despite the desperate efforts of a greedy and vulgar plutocracy to drive us into Socialism. What remedy shall we advocate? Millionaires might endow a newspaper in the interest of the contemporary and future historian. This resort failing, there remains nothing but the initiating of a movement to abolish the editorial page. We can boycott it, of course, though there are some lawyers who manage to convince themselves that boycotting—that is, letting alone—is illegal. We can pass resolutions praising and commending those papers that have taken some steps in this creditable direction and spare us their opinions. We pay street musicians more for not playing than for playing; why not offer to pay five cents for a paper that will give us the actual news without faking and doctoring and spoiling it, in preference to paying one cent for a paper which gives us far eastern reports prepared in Chicago, and Chicago labor reports that might as well have been written in Manchuria, and correspondence that contains no news, and news that contains no truth?

We might adopt the Tolstoian policy of passive resistance, but these are strenuous and militant times, and we cannot afford to let the jingo, the reactionary, the spoilsman, the grafter, the political clown, and the grabber do all the fighting. Truth may be mighty, but it does not prevail without some assistance from

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humble mortals. And what chance has the still small voice of culture and decency and justice in the noise produced by the quacks and demagogues and blatherskites? Alas, we were not all born in Arcadia, and, if we were, we have since moved away, like the ancient Greeks that Dooley wrote about. There is nothing Arcadian about our politics, our journalism, and our business scramble. All these are more suggestive of bedlam, and the most bedlamite of all our nuisances is the average modern newspaper, which abhors Arcadia, with its peace and sweet reasonableness and humanity, as nature abhors a vacuum.

The British poet-laureate, in a recent speech full of paradox, praised providence for the superior journalism of our day. He should have prayed for it, and thus tested the efficacy of prayer. There are some superior journals, but who reads them, and what is their influence on politics and business morality and the making of history? Alas! even the future historian will not consult them, for the curse of humbug is that it reaches the future through its grip on the present.

The average man asks how we would get along without the "great" newspaper. Let us ask how we expect to get along, as civilized, truth-loving men, with the "great" newspaper? S. R.

Said a young woman to me the other day: "It seems to me that a man who calls himself an egoist must be lacking in the sense of humor." The remark raised before my mind the figures of those jovial moralists, Calvin and Comstock, and those long-faced egoists, Rabelais and Bernard Shaw.

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HENRIK IBSEN.*

A writer born in a country whose language is not one of the principal languages of the world is generally at a great disadvantage. A talent of the third order that finds expression in one of the tongues that may be called universal achieves glory much more easily than a genius with whom the great nations cannot enjoy direct familiarity.

And yet it is impossible for another to produce anything whatever that is really artistic in any other than his native tongue. First of all, his fellow-countrymen must recognize in his work the exact savor of the soil. There is nothing for him, then, but to bow to this alternative: either the savor in question will evaporate through translation, or else, by some master-stroke at the command of very few interpreters, it will persist; but in the latter case the work will preserve peculiar characteristics of a nature to render its diffusion slow and difficult.

If Henrik Ibsen has become known and admired in all countries in a minimum number of years, this is due, in the first place, to the fact that he wrote in prose. Everybody knows that prose is infinitely more easy to translate than poetry. Furthermore, he has no style, in the rhetorical sense of the word. He uses short, simple, clear phrases, whose shades lie in the content and not in the form.

On the other hand, his production has evolved steadily in the direction of the generalization, the universalization, of theses. After having written plays in which only the Scandinavian soul was faithfully reflected, he worked more and more for the world public. A detail here and there indicates this tendency in a remarkable fashion. Thus in a play written in the middle of his career he places in Norway a château (Rosmersholm) of a type very common in Germany, Scotland, and elsewhere, but utterly unknown in Scandinavia.

Finally, and especially, he has revolutionized the art form in which he expressed himself.

Efforts have been made to trace his work to the initiative of certain German dramatists,— Friedrich Hebbel, for instance,— but it has been impossible to deny that these were no more than precursors.

The French dramatists who dominated the European theatre

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*Georg Brandes was writing this essay at the time of Ibsen's death. It should not be confounded with the previous writings of Brandes on the same subject.

during Ibsen's youth belong to a category absolutely different from his own. We find in their works a special characteristic called intrigue, which Ibsen utilized only in the plays of his youth,—which are not real Ibsen. Another peculiarity emphasizing the contrast between the French manner, classic or romantic, and Ibsen's manner is the development of the characters. In the French pieces the character is established almost from its first appearance, either by acts or by other external indications. But at an Ibsen play the spectator who would decipher an individuality is forced to the same efforts as in life. No more than in life, for instance, can he count on the aid of such childish expedients as the monologue and the aside.

The most happily conceived characters of modern French dramas are almost all one-sided, or in some other way incomplete. Emile Augier's Giboyer, which seems so life-like, is lacking in complexity nevertheless, not only in comparison with kindred characters familiar to us in actual life, but in comparison with Rameau's nephew. In spite of everything, it is a symbol, and inspires within us no vibrant response.

How different with Solness! This character too is a symbol, but in his nature there are a number of individual peculiarities which create between him and ourselves close, firm, palpable ties,—painful too, and thereby moving our passions.

And Ibsen has carried to such perfection this scenic realization of character and this thorough utilization of individual mental intrigue that it has become impossible to achieve theatrical success with plays of the sort that was triumphant in France and elsewhere twenty years ago.

Some of the most eminent *savants* of Scandinavia—Tycho-Brahé, Linnæus, Berzélius, Abel - and one sculptor, only one, Thorwaldsen, have won fame with some promptness beyond the confines of their own land. The number of writers who have had the same good fortune is limited. The novels of Tagner are esteemed in Germany and England; the fantastic tales of Andersen are popular in Germany, Poland, and France; Jacobsen has exercised a certain influence in Germany and Austria. This is all, or almost all; and the Danes, for instance, will never become resigned to the thought that the foreigner is unaware even of the existence of so profound and original a mind as Særen Kiarkegaard.

This injustice, of which the rest of Europe is guilty toward most of the Scandinavian authors, and toward Kierkegaard in particular, has been of much service to Henrik Ibsen. He was the first Scandinavian to write for the universal public, and he

worked a revolution in one branch of literature; it was commonly agreed that he was the greatest of all the writers ever born in the three countries of the North, and that, besides, he had no intellectual ancestry in his own race any more than in central, or western, or southern Europe.

One distinction must be noted. If the three Scandinavian literatures be considered from the absolute point of view; if account be taken only of the personal genius of the authors and of their national genius,—that is, of their individual value and of the relations between this value and their environments, race, etc.,—then several Norwegian, Danish, and Swedish writers are indisputably worthy to be ranked with Ibsen. But it is certain, on the other hand, that, if the first consideration is to be the influence exercised over universal intellectuality, Ibsen must be proclaimed the most powerful mind of Scandinavia up to the present time.

Henrik Ibsen began by producing plays whose subjects are borrowed from history or from legend. Then he gave to the stage works which fairly may be considered as purely polemical: "The Comedy of Love," "Brand," "Peer Gynt," "The League of Youth." But his glory rests on his twelve modern plays on which he worked during his maturity.

Of these twelve dramas six are devoted to social theses; these are: "The Pillars of Society," "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," "An Enemy of the People," "The Wild Duck," and "Rosmersholm." The six others are purely psychological developments, bearing principally upon the intellectual and sentimental relations between woman and man. It is possible, however, to view these also as pieces devoted to a thesis, for they seem written especially to establish the superiority of the feminine character. This cycle includes: "The Lady of the Sea," "Hedda Gabler," "The Master-Builder," "Little Eyolf," "John Gabriel Borkman," and "When We, Dead, Awaken." This is a cycle of domestic and familiar plays,—intimate, in short.

It is with these twelve plays that Ibsen has conquered one of the most eminent situations among the rare minds that guide the course of universal culture. And, to form an exact and precise idea of the importance and the nature of his influence, it is fitting to compare him with other directors of the contemporary conscience. Taine, Tolstoi, and Ibsen were born in the same year. Naturally, these three men possess several traits in common.

Taine, like Ibsen, began by being a rebellious mind; before the age of forty, he did his utmost to bring about a revolution of

French intellectuality. And then, as the years passed, Taine, still like Ibsen, came to hate democracy more and more, looking upon it as a blind leveller. Both have taught that majorities always and everywhere group around the worst guides and the worst solutions.

Taine, however, is the more conservative of the two. His ideal is the British *régime*. Ibsen is no more indulgent for that *régime* than any other that rests on an *ensemble* of estabiished principles. In his eyes doctrines scarcely count. It is not by the aid of new dogmas that society is to be ameliorated, but the transformation of individuals.

Tolstoi, so great in his feelings, but so narrow in his ideas, has failed to understand either Taine or Ibsen, and it is painful to hear him declare Ibsen unintelligible. He belongs none the less to the same family as the Scandinavian dramatist, the family of the great modern iconoclasts, who are also prophets. He too is working for the destruction of all prejudices, and announces the advent of a new order of things, which is born and develops without the aid of the State and even against its opposition. Like Ibsen, he is full of tenderness for all forms of insurrection against contemporary society,—all, including Anarchism. Only he is impregnated with oriental fatalism, and of equality he has the most basely demagogical conception, the conception of a tramp,—and of a Russian tramp at that! Whereas Ibsen is a furious aristocrat, who would tolerate only one form of levelling,—a form whose plan should be indicated by the proudest of all souls. Tolstoi recommends the individual to dilute himself in evangelical love; Ibsen counsels him to disengage and fortify his autonomy.

We find in Ibsen certain of the fundamental ideas of Renan, who was his elder, and with whose works he seems to have been unfamiliar. When he writes: "I propound questions, knowing well that they will not be answered," do we not come in contact with a mentality substantially identical with that of Renan? The only difference to be seen sometimes between the two is that one attracts you by his charm, while the other lays hold of you in a manner that terrifies.

Count Prozor, moreover, has shown clearly the relationship existing between the conceptions set forth in a work of Ibsen's youth, "Brand," and those developed by Renan in one of his early works, "The Future of Science."

When Brand proclaims that the church should have no walls or any sort of limits, because the vault of heaven is the only roof befitting it, we recognize the same idea that Renan affirmed in

declaring that the old church is to be succeeded by another vaster and more beautiful.

Among the great guides of conscience there is another whom we cannot help comparing with Ibsen. I mean Nietzsche, of whom, however, he has never read a line. Ibsen, Renan, Nietzsche, all three have claimed for truly noble individualities the right of escape from all social discipline. This is the favorite idea of Rosmer, and also that of Dr. Stockmann. Long before predicting the "overman" through the lips of Zarathustra, Nietzsche declared the formation of superior beings to be the essential aspiration of the race. The individualism of the three thinkers is of an ultra-aristocratic tendency.

Ibsen and Nietzsche meet also in the psychological domain. The latter loves life so passionately that truth seems to him precious only so far as it tends to the preservation of life. Falsehood, in his eyes, is reprehensible only because in general it exercises a pernicious influence upon life; when its influence becomes useful, then it is commendable

In vain does Ibsen profess the worship of truth; he sometimes concludes exactly as Nietzsche, in favor of the contingent legitimacy of falsehood. In "The Wild Duck" Dr. Relling pleads the necessity of certain simulations. In "Ghosts" the very thesis is the harm that truth may do. Madame Alving cannot and will not tell Oswald what his father really was. She refuses to destroy his ideal. For here Ibsen goes so far as to place the ideal in opposition with truth.

Madame Borkman lives on an illusion. She says to herself than Erhart will become capable of accomplishing great things and will make his family famous. "That is only a dream," another character tells her, "and you cling to it simply to avoid falling into despair." Borkman, for his part, dreams that a deputation is coming to offer him the management of a great bank. "If I were not certain that they will come," he cries, "that they must come, I would long ago have blown my brains out."

Says the sculptor Rubec: "When I created this masterpiece—for the 'Day of Resurrection' is surely a masterpiece, or was at the beginning . . . . . no, it is still a masterpiece; it must, it absolutely must remain a masterpiece."

Ibsen and Nietzsche lived lives of grim solitude. It is difficult to solve the problem posited by Count Prozor,—the question which of the two has best and most betrayed in his works the influence of this isolation. It would be still more difficult to decide which of the two makes the deeper impression on the read-

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er, and which of the two will be the longer famous.

In Scandinavia, at any rate, Ibsen has founded no school. He seems really to have rendered the three kingdoms but one service,—that of greatly contributing to draw the attention of the rest of the world to their literature.

In Germany, Ibsen was highly appreciated twenty years ago as a great naturalist, like Zola and Tolstoi. Nobody would hear a word of the idealism of Schiller, and it was thoroughly agreed that Ibsen was no idealist. Various groups began to be fond of him for diametrically opposite reasons. On account of the revolutionary current that runs, so to speak, through the depths of his works, and which is especially apparent in "The Pillars of Society," the conservatives catalogued him among the Socialists. On account of his championship of the individual and his curses on majorities, the Socialists placed him, now in the category of reactionaries, now in that of Anarchists.

The contemporary German theatre, especially that of Hauptmann,—and Hauptmann is the greatest living German dramatist,—reflects the influence of Ibsen even more than that of Tolstoi.

In France Ibsen was adored as the god of symbolism in the days when symbolism was in fashion. He won hearts by the Shakspercan character of his mystical discoveries,—the white horses in "Rosmersholm," the stranger in "The Lady of the Sea." And then they consecrated him Anarchist during the years when it was good form to pose in favor of Anarchism. The bomb-throwers, in their speeches in court, named him among their inspirers. On the other hand, his technique has made a school,—witness, for example, François de Curel.

In England Ibsen has had scarcely any influence except on Bernard Shaw; and, in spite of the efforts of critics like Edmund Gosse and William Archer, his works are known to a very limited public. It is to be remarked that, in general, the English see in him a perfect materialist, but an admirable psychologist.

When everybody feels sure that he sees in the works of a genius a faithful reflection of the most diverse and contradictory mentalities, that genius must be very broad and very deep. The Norwegians have declared Ibsen a radical after having proclaimed him a conservative; elsewhere he has been dubbed by turns Socialist and Anarchist, idealist and materialist, and so on. He is all that, and he is nothing of all that; he is himself,—that is, something as immense and manifold as humanity itself.

GEORG BRANDES.

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A LITTLE GIRL*

AN EPISODE FROM THE EARLY LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

One evening, tired out after a hard day's work, I lay down to rest on the ground near the wall of a large brick house—a melancholy old building; the red rays of the setting sun disclosed large cracks and thick growths of mud on its walls.

Inside the house, day and night, like rats in a dark cellar, hungry, dirty human beings rushed hither and thither; their dirty bodies only half-covered with rags, and their black souls—just as naked and dirty.

Through the windows of the house, like the thick gray smoke of a great fire, resounded the hum of life. I listened to that long familiar, disgusting, and dejecting clamor, and then fell into a doze, not in the least expecting to be roused from my reveries by any unusual sounds.

But from somewhere, not far from where I lay among piles of empty barrels and broken boxes, there suddenly came upon my ears the sound of a tender voice singing a lullaby.

I had never in this house, before, heard mothers singing their babies to sleep in such a loving, tender voice. Carefully raising myself, I peeped through the barrels and saw, sitting on one of the boxes, a little girl; with her little flaxen curly head bent low, she sat there on the box, swaying slowly to and fro, thoughtfully humming a lullaby.

In her dirty little hands she held a big broken wooden spoon swathed in a red rag, and gazed upon her doll with large sorrowful eyes.

She had beautiful eyes; bright, soft, and more than childishly sorrowful. Noting their expression, I no longer saw the dirt on her face and hands.

Around her, in the air, screams, oaths, loud laughter, and loud lamentation hovered like mists; everything on the dirty ground around her was in ruin and disorder, while the lurid red rays of the evening sun, lighting on the wreck of broken boxes and barrels, imparted to them a ferocious and strange appearance, resembling the remains of some enormous monster, overcome by the stern and heavy hand of poverty.

Accidentally I lost my footing; the noise caused the girl to tremble; seeing me, her eyes contracted suspiciously, and her whole body shrank in fear, as a mouse before a cat.

*Translated from the Russian by George E. Haendleman.

Smiling, I looked upon her dirty, sorrowful, and timid face; she bit her lips tightly together, and her thin eye-brows twitched nervously.

Suddenly, she rose from her seat, shook her torn, once-pink dress in a business-like manner, shoved the doll into her pocket, and in a clear ringing voice asked me:

"What are you looking at?"

She was only about eleven years old; thin, emaciated, she was observing me very closely, while her eye-brows still continued to twitch.

"Well?" she continued, after a short pause, "what do you want?"

"Nothing," said I; "go and play, I am going away."

Then she came up boldly to me, her face fastidiously wrinkled, and, in the same loud, clear voice, said:

"Come with me for fifteen copecks."

I did not comprehend her at first; I only remember that I shuddered as if in the presence of a great horror.

But she pressed closer to me, leaned her shoulder on my side, and, turning her face away from my gaze, continued to speak in a dull, sorrowful voice:

"Well, aren't you coming. . . . I don't feel like going out now to look for other customers . . . and besides, I have nothing to go out in: mamma's lover squandered my dress too, for drink. . . . Well, come."

Gently, silently, I began to repulse her, while she looked into my eyes with a suspiciously perplexed expression on her face; her thin lips were strangely curled; she raised her head, and, looking vacantly upward with her wide-open, clear, sorrowful eyes, almost inaudibly whispered:

"Why do you hesitate? You think I am little, and will scream? Don't be afraid—I used to at first—but now. . . ."

And, without finishing her sentence, she spat indifferently. . . .

I left her, carrying away in my heart a feeling of great horror, and the memory of a sorrowful glance from a pair of bright childish eyes.

MAXIM GORKY.

ANOTHER AND BETTER WAY TO CRAWL

Concerning the Wood discussion in Liberty, if it be advisable to "crawl" towards Anarchy in sexual relations by State aid (which is questionable), would it not be a better plan (than Mr. Wood's) for the State to disseminate the knowledge of how to prevent sexual conception, so that young men and maidens may

indulge in the sexual function without resulting inconvenient consequences? If young unmarried girls did not give birth to babies, there would be no disgrace. The cost would be trifling and the benefit inestimable if the State should provide a "free" supply of Neo-Malthusian appliances. Mr. Wood ought to think this over. There are great possibilities therein for one who believes in State aid towards Anarchy.

W. T. B.

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

[London "Club Life," June 2.]

I'm an anti-Socialist,
And I've always done my best
Good old private Enterprise to shove along;
Reckoned nothing should be done,
Reckoned nothing should be run
By the State that tackles things and does them wrong.

So I run my own affairs
Just as other folks should theirs,
And I never even use a public road:
Never use the public rail,
All my goods and all my mail
I deliver at and take from my abode.

When I write to Greece or Rome,
With the letter, o'er the foam,
Straight I go myself and save the postage fee,
And I fetch the answer back
Per some ancient cargo hack
That receives no cursed State mail subsidee.

'Gainst the public bores and tanks,
Public schools and savings banks,
Water pipes, and wharves, and works of irrigation,
I've been fighting all my days,
By all private means and ways,
In the best and truest interest of the nation.

And the public governor,
Or the judge, or hangman, or
The public cop patrolling on his beat,
The sight of them to me
Is wrath and misery
When I run against them in the public street.

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PUBLIC ENTERPRISE

With compliments to the anonymous author of Private Enterprise.

[London "Club Life," June 9.]

I'm a Socialist, State mad,
And I think it very bad,
For any man to work "upon his own."
Everyone should guided be
By our god, Majority;
And should never think, or speak, or act alone.

The men who wear red ties
Are superlatively wise,
When they say that life would be a bed of roses,
If the State would just arrange
All production and exchange
On the scientific plan of counting noses.

From the navvy to the clerk,
Everyone should go to work,
At the calling of the communistic horn;
And their clothes and bed and rations
Should be 'neath State regulations
Right away from the sad day when they were born.

If the State does all the feeding,
It must supervise the breeding;
For, if we are to be a healthy nation,
Every infant citi-zen
Must be up to standard; then
There must be a State control of population.

So, shout hurrah! with me,
For the people must be free;
That is, as free as the State thinks beneficial,
When their wages, work, and wives,
Are controlled throughout their lives
By the omni-powerful Government official.

WILLIAM J. ROBINS,
London Patriotic Club.

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HISTORY AS TAUGHT IN RUSSIA

In all the Russian schools a manual of history written by the learned Professor Dowajski is in use as a text-book. The following is a literal translation of a passage from this manual:

Louis XVI was a peaceable and good king. After a long and glorious reign, during which he was particularly fortunate in his choice of ministers of finance, he died tranquilly in Paris, beloved by his people, being taken away by a rush of blood. He was succeeded by his son, Louis XVII, under whose reign the brave royal army, commanded by the royal field-marshal, General Napoleon Bonaparte, conquered, for the French crown, the larger part of the European continent. But the unfaithful Napoleon, having shown signs of abusing his power and pursuing ambitious ideas directed against the legitimate government, was, with the aid of His late Majesty, the Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, Alexander First Paulovitch, stripped of all his dignities, titles, and rights to a pension, and sent to the island of St. Helena, where he finished his life.

THE CASE OF THE VICAR OF BRAY

[Louis Martin in "Le Rappel."]

One man preaches liberty. He is put in power. Do not fancy that he will try to realize liberal institutions to the extent compatible with present necessities. From the moment that he enters the government liberty has no further charm for him; he dreams only of the delights of authority.

Another has passed his life in extolling the sweets of *régimes* of suppression. His party falls. He loses his old opinions in losing power. Do not be alarmed. He will find them again; with the first favorable wind he will quit again the shores of liberty for those of authority.

It is always the old story of the Vicar of Bray. From a Catholic he became a Protestant; then he came back to Catholicism only to abandon it *again*. Three or four times, without shame or false modesty, he executed this little maneuver. His friends were astonished, and reproached him with his indifference. "I," he said, "indifferent! I inconstant! Nothing of the kind. On the contrary, I never change; I wish to be Vicar of Bray." How many people there are in this world who have no other opinion than that of wishing to be Vicar of Bray!

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